M
175 pleted its work. There still are many regions to be explored, and many tribes to be pacified.

* * * *

B
M
133 Straddling as it does the Amazonian and Paraguayan drainage systems, Matto Grosso does not form a geographic unit, but is divisible topographically into three sections, each differing from the others in important geographic features. The south, drained by the Paraguay system, is low flat country subject to yearly floods which convert it into a veritable lake dotted with a few islands to which animal and human life retreats. At the height of the dry season this same plain becomes so arid that habitation is limited to the borders of the larger streams or the larger water holes. For the most part it is open grass country, with islands of jungle and palm groves to which the wild life withdraws during the day. Bordering the streams is found the thick and almost
B
M
136 impenetrable jungle, presenting two solid walls of green vegetation transformed in season to walls of flowers. In this country, bird life is rich and varied; mammalian life is plentiful and attains unusual size, especially in the cat family, one member of which, the jaguar, attains the size of a female Bengal tiger; tapir, capivara, deer, peccary, and otter abound, as well as various species of reptiles which crowd the banks of the rivers during the dry season; fish of many kinds, including the notorious piranha, crowd the rivers. [Plates II, 2; III, 1; IV, 1.]

M
1B The central plateau area, the chapadão, is in direct contrast with the southern portion, the pantanal. It rises abruptly from the pantanal to some twenty-five hundred feet in a series of steps [Plate IV, 1]. It is an undulating, open, sandstone table-land, cut into segments by numerous jungle-bordered streams that are the fountains of the Paraguay and southern affluents of the Amazon. Flat-topped escarpments, constantly being undermined by the streams, break the monotony of the vast open expanse. These sandy and open wind-swept moorlands are covered with grasses, shrubs and dwarf palms. Though many species of plants may be found, there is no luxuriant vegetation. Likewise, animal life, though it may be varied enough, is not abundant.

Where the Amazonian waters begin to assume the proportions of rivers, the Amazonian forest belt begins. Conditions in certain features approximate those of the pantanal. Bird life is richer than in the

Text continues on p. 98]

its ceremonial obligations. It is felt that each clan should have its own house, but if the number of people in the clan is too large, additional houses can be built.

Preferential marriage between particular lineages is supported by myths. Marriages are all contracted between the two moieties except for two cases within the Echerae moiety. Otherwise marriages within the same moiety are frowned on. Marriage does not establish an alliance between two groups. Rather, marriage is the result of an alliance which was established by other means in the mythical past.

All important events in a person's life, such as naming, initiation, and death, are marked by songs and ceremonies. The ceremonies on the occasion of death are particularly long and elaborare. Traditional songs, each of which belongs to a particular clan, are in a poetic language not understood by many contemporary Bororo.

Today the old ways of life are disappearing. Hunting and gathering have become fruitless in a changed and impoverished environment and have been almost completely given up. Many ceremonies are not held anymore. For lack of material, ornaments are not made according to the old standards. The colorful birds, the jaguars, and the other animals of the forest are gone. Yet the Bororo remain a proud people. They are proud of their heritage and often point out that all over western Mato Grosso potsherds and annatto plants planted by their ancestors attest the extent of their territory and the number of villages that existed in the past. They compare

6:Kozák C-5 (ca. 1954) 1963
SPS Bororo SPS

Mr. Kozák, of Brazil's University of Paraná, has visited many of the Brazilian Indian tribes. This report was prepared in collaboration with Dr. Robert L. Carneiro, Assistant Curator of South American Ethnology at The American Museum, and Dr. Gertrude E. Dole, a Lecturer in Anthropology, New York University.

114
128

All the villagers gather round the corpse and sing funeral songs throughout the night to the accompaniment of the monotonous and rhythmical sound of gourd rattles. 764 [534]

The next morning, while a few young men are busy digging a temporary grave near the men's house, the kin of the deceased gash themselves as before, leaning over the covered corpse so that the blood will flow onto it. Laceration of the arms, head, breasts, and legs is repeated many times during the subsequent weeks of funerary rituals. As another gesture of mourning, the nearest kin tear out some of their hair, while more remote relatives cut their hair short. Thenceforth, the mourners' hair is left uncut until the mourning period of a year or longer is over. [152] [304] 765 [602]

When the temporary grave has been dug in the plaza, the body is interred so that it lies less than a foot below the surface of the ground. At frequent intervals, quantities of water are poured on it to hasten decomposition. 764

To sustain themselves during the ensuing weeks of exhausting rituals, the Bororo lay in large stores of food. During the early stages of the funerary ceremony the men catch great quantities of fish. A lake near the village supplies them with *jaú*, a huge member of the catfish family, which sometimes attains a weight of 150 pounds and which the Bororo shoot with bows and arrows. 765 226 [262] [136]

Smaller fish are taken in rivers by drugging them with timbo, a vegetable poison obtained by crushing certain vines. Timbo stupefies or kills fish, but does not affect the quality of the flesh for human consumption. (The active ingredient in timbo is rotenone, now widely used in this country as an insecticide.) For this operation the men build a weir across a stream. The fish try to escape the poisoned water through a chute in the weir. As they pass through, they are caught in large nets, then dried and smoked over a low fire, furnishing several days' food for the entire community. [278] [251]

[p. 41-A]

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

evening anthem, which will be described in future pages. We 533
were at our camp at the time, a quarter of a mile distant from the savage chorus. It was indeed wild music, and an appropriate production of the wild ones and the wilderness. It was hard to believe that this fusillade of uncouth, alarming sounds issued from human throats. This savage music resembled, somewhat, the remarkable and uncanny sounds produced by coyotes when heard at night from a distance.

Doubtless these nude, unclean savages would appear ex- 114
tremely repulsive and unhuman to most civilized people, yet I could but regard them as simple, overgrown, neglected children; and finding myself again among such rude, needy beings, I experienced a pleasure and satisfaction which I cannot describe, and inwardly thanked God, Who, in His gracious providence, had led me again to their haunts after a long detention among a more advanced race. Could I be among them once more, my cup of joy would be full.

Two naked Bororó accompanied us as helpers during the [123]
remainder of our journey to one of the chief villages of the tribe. The world about us became more and more wild, rugged and inhospitable as we advanced, and the difficulties and dangers of travel increased. Moreover, the myriads of the insect 136
world seemed to resent our encroachment into their domains, and fell upon us with ever-increasing numbers and ferocity; while the elements, too, appeared to join forces with the rest of Nature, for storms occurred, not only daily, but several times [132]
during twenty-four hours. One night, we found ourselves encamped upon the "private grounds" of a colony of destructive foraging ants, which set to work promptly to cut us to pieces; and when we halted at noon for breakfast, some days, we were set upon by hordes of a stupid, sluggish, stingless bee, called "father of honey" by the Brazilians, but known to science as the *Melipona fasculata*, of which there are more than fifty varieties in Brazil. They were attracted to us by the perspiration of ourselves and our beasts, and also by the odor of our food. They did not attack us in a single swarm, but came to us individually and gradually, until quart

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

136 measures of them had massed themselves upon our saddle blankets, and upon whatever else took their fancy. They did not bite, but lit upon us and dragged themselves, worm-like, over our flesh, down our necks and up under our hats, into our eyes, ears, noses and mouths, and dropped by threes and fours into our food as we were taking a mouthful. To kill them had no effect in reducing their numbers, and it was impossible to escape them. When crushed, their bodies exhaled an offensive effluvium, or a nauseating taste, if masticated. We were therefore compelled to make haste in preparing and eating our food, else we would have been driven nearly to madness. We were told that there are places where it is almost impossible to take food during daylight because of these pests.

137 Our route led us more and more into primeval forests, where, in the eternal shadows, we were completely engulfed in the endless masses of thorny, tangled undergrowth, dripping with water. Though my companion had previously cut a trail through here, it was largely taken possession of again by the forest; therefore, we were continually curried and harrowed from head to foot, and had to perform constantly acrobatic feats, or practice rough riding, in order to escape being dragged from our horses, while our clothing reverted rapidly to lint, and big, ugly *carapatos* clung to our boots by dozens.
136 Moreover, hornets had built their nests, Chinese-lantern-like, thickly along the trail; and when we disturbed these nests—for we were seldom aware of their presence until we had disturbed them—the infuriated insects invariably inspired our beasts with renewed energy, besides touching us up a little. Therefore, owing to these and other reasons, we sometimes finished the day's march feeling exhausted and low spirited.

One day, as we emerged from the woods into an open swail, we came suddenly upon a family of eight rheas—an old father and mother and six children. They squatted first into the grass to hide themselves, but conscious at once that they were not sufficiently hidden, they sprang up again on their long legs and made off rapidly, the old folk hanging in the rear until the children were safe.

The same day, we descended through the forest into a deep, narrow valley, then up the precipitous side of a mountain having six or seven terraces, descending, finally, into the basin of the Rio Vermelho, which is covered by a dense forest, and passing close to an immense rock called the Tower of Antonico, which rises vertically to a height of five or six hundred feet. We were ascending and descending and cutting our way all day, encountering everywhere the beaten runways of wild beasts, such as tapirs, pigs, capibaras and jaguars.

About evening, we arrived at another small encampment of the Bororó by the Rio Vermelho. As we approached the cluster of huts, we were greeted by a volley of *college yells*, or war-whoops, given by the Bororó in honor of their two fellow tribesmen, who were accompanying us, and of my companion. We remained here until morning, passing the night in one of the savage huts. It was littered with rubbish, but we got the natives to clean up a little, then to sprinkle some clean sand around on the ground. This work was done by the females.

This was an extremely wild appearing spot. The somewhat open space in which the few primitive residences were clustered, was shaggy with a low growth of bushes and trees, and hemmed in closely on all sides by a dense, unbroken virgin forest; while in seemingly perfect harmony with these savage, austere, though wildly picturesque surroundings, were the nude, brightly painted, uncouth appearing human beings who existed here, their long, black, gum-matted hair flowing over their shoulders. One could not fail to be profoundly impressed when contemplating the strange, awe-inspiring picture of these children of Nature nestling, like Adams and Eves and their progenies, in the bosom of wild, unsubdued Mother Nature, exceedingly remote from civilization and almost as untouched by it as the Cave Dwellers. The red, earth-charged torrent of the Rio Vermelho flowed through and added to the wild beauty of this Paradise of Nature. It was at hightide at the time of our visit, and many varieties of excellent fish sported in shoals in its turbid waters. The

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

fruits that fall into the water from the overhanging branches of trees. The habits of the denizens of both forest and stream are well known to the wild men. 226

The Bororó also fish with a bow and an ordinary harpoon-pointed arrow, which they shoot into a fish when it comes near the surface, then dash into the water, seize the end of the arrow and drag the fish ashore. They cannot catch very large fish in this way. They do not care much for fish-hooks. The only time I saw them use them was to patrol the river once when fish were scarce. But this is a new method of fishing to them. [411] [227]

One day, we went fishing with hooks and lines off some rocks. After waiting some time for a bite, one of our hooks in the meantime getting fast in a log at the bottom of the river, several Bororó appeared, equipped with their sack-nets, and plunged into the river to fish. So we asked one of them to dive and release the hook. Coming up with it soon, he made us appear foolish by coolly informing us that there were no fish in that locality. Having learned to greatly respect Bororó knowledge of such matters, we drew in our lines and abandoned the spot.

When we arrived at the Tá Dáre Máno Páro village, the river Pogúbu teemed with fish, especially with a fine specie called *pacú* by the Brazilians. A low, rumbling sound, like the paddling of a steamboat in the distance, caused by these fish, issued from the river. In these seasons of plenty, the natives are contented and grow fleshy. [103] [136] [511]

The Bororó frequently plunge into the turbid waters of the river at the dead of night when the darkness is inky, and swimming and diving, fish for hours while descending with the current. Of course they can see nothing, so must guide themselves by the senses of feeling and hearing. They have no canoes, nor any knowledge of how to make them. [501]

One of the most striking traits of character of these children of Nature is their power of imitation. Their music (?) is almost wholly the reproducing of the voices of the many wild creatures they know, while their sports are close imita- 151 825

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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122 [137] apple plants, to touch which was like running into a barbed-wire fence, for one's clothes would be torn and the flesh lacerated. This plant hooks into whatever touches it, even piercing one's boots. [136] Moreover, swarms of flies of many varieties, the bites of which cause itching wounds, pursued us constantly; while various kinds of wood-ticks, some of which are nearly as large as the potato beetle, fastened themselves upon us. This insect has a fearful head-gear, but, somehow, one is never aware of its presence until it has taken firm hold; then if one tries to remove it by force, either its head will be left buried in the flesh, or a piece of flesh will be torn out. To add to our discomfiture, the heat was intense, and our thirst so insatiable that we wished our throats were mill-races.

We expected to have reached the Kogi au Paro village in one day, but so much time was consumed in enlarging the opening through the forest that we were still in the middle of the woods when night overtook us. Therefore, we suspended our hammocks under the trees, prepared and ate our supper, and tried to make ourselves comfortable for the night, hoping to secure restful sleep for we were excessively fatigued from struggling through the vegetable walls and entanglements. But in planning for a peaceful night, we had not reckoned with animate Nature. Animate Nature does not limit a day's work to eight or ten hours. In the Brazilian wildernesses she labors twenty-four hours each day. The "day 122 gangs" of insects that persecuted us had scarcely retired from 136 the field when the "night gangs" came on. The mosquitoes came in swarms, of all sizes and capacities, ready for every kind of work. Some of them were so small that they could fly through our mosquito netting with extended wings, but they could bite out of all proportion to their size. The ants were also in evidence. When the mosquitoes drove me out of my hammock and I set my feet on the ground, I stepped among army corps of foraging ants which swarmed over my feet, biting, or stinging, as they ran. Fleeing from them in the inky darkness, I accidently brushed my hand against a coat

which was hanging on a tree, and some large, black ants that sting worse than a hornet, planted their stings into the joints of my fingers. Altogether, I felt as if I were on fire. But near morning, we got a little respite from the mosquitoes, for a fog settled down over the forest. As soon as the sun appeared above the horizon, the "day gangs" of our little tormentors renewed the attack.

All during the second day we continued to carve our way through the tangled vegetation, and to drag ourselves along, arriving at our destination at nightfall, exhausted, and nearly in tatters. To increase our discomfiture, we were short of food, for our cook had neglected to bring along any beef other than the potful he had boiled just before we begun our journey. Therefore, we had to eat sparingly; and to fry the whole potful again and again, each time we dined, to keep it from spoiling.

We were a freak to the primitive citizens of the Kogi au Paro village, many of whom having never before seen a *braidi*—white man. The women and children, especially, came out of their huts, and standing at the entrances, like prairie-dogs on their hillocks, gazed intently at us with fear and curiosity.

This village had swarmed some time previous to our visit, and was now two villages. The new brood occupied open ground near the river, but the mother horde lived in the wildest locality that I have ever seen human beings dwell in. To reach it, we had to cross the river Pogúbu, which was between one and two hundred yards wide, with a strong, flood-like current. Having nothing with which to ferry ourselves over, we had to plunge in and swim, towing our baggage over, assisted by two Bororó, on a rude float made by binding together three bunches of bamboo rods. There was but one spot on the opposite side of the river where we could get ashore, owing to the impenetrable masses of bushes and trees that lined the edge of the water and reached far out into it. To allow for the current, and to avoid striking below this particular spot, we had to work up at the edge of the river

/476 cont./
757 has already lost some of its initial beauty and feathering; a cross-
239 strip glued with pure white feathers extends from ear to ear, like
301 a huge moustache. The hair is smeared with urucú, and the front
[302] edge has red arara feathers thickly glued to it; red-smeared tufts
stand out on both sides. The upper part of the head, around the
tonsure, is adorned with a small red crown of arara feathers, and
scattered around it, a handful of small feathers is only loosely
pasted on. In the case of women who were ill we not infrequently
saw small areas with feathers pasted on them; Maria appeared one
day, complaining of fever, and was being more energetically
treated with this remedy, for she had it applied to hair, face,
[302] and chest. The wife of a hunter who was returning after a long
absence had had her face and hair painted like the ranchão girls
for the welcome, and the skin of her upper body transformed
765 into a feather jacket open at the front. The skull of the skeleton-
ized deceased has feathers pasted on it, similar to the ornamenta-
tion of the Bororó on Plate 27, before the final burial, whereas
the rest of the /477/ bones are smeared with urucú oil. I am
unable to say whether in this adornment the desperate unlikely
hope of a favorable medical result was a contributing factor.
302 The daily daubing with oily soot and urucú, as on the Schingú
531 /Xingu/, did not occur. Also, the dyestuffs are not used for any
237 implement other than the whizzer sticks; instead of them, one
saw feathers on bodies as well as on implements everywhere on
136 the S. Lourenço. Also missing, however, was the plague of
mosquitoes and biting flies; the only insects we saw or heard
in the colony were the countless crickets rustling in the maize
302 supply. The urucú, of which there was only very little, was
[237] mixed with fish oil. They used it only in the most sparing
[386] amounts, just as the painting with black on the gum-frame and
the blackening of the face and body with soot when one set out
against the Kayapó were limited. The ranchão girl was painted
with urucú for the night; she sat on a red coverlet, and beside her
lay a shell with fish oil and a piece of urucú paste. The hair
was thickly smeared, the upper body was also given a daubing,
but the chief thing, on which a great deal of time was spent,